

SPRING MODES ARE MARKED BY NOTE OF

SHADES OF BROWN POPULAR IN EASTER SEASON ENSEMBLE

Slashed Sleeves, Once Significant Part of Midway's Costume, Return to Confront Raised Lorgnette of Madame—Shops Well Filled With All Varieties of Capes to Answer Feminine Cry for Chic Outer Wraps.

By FLORENCE GRIMES.

THE smart costumes seen about Washington at this time of the year show the tendency of the spring mode.

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Individuality reigns and let us rejoice! For who of us does not remember that period a few seasons ago when noted couturiers of the fashion world ordained a silhouette—the rippled jacket—women in general immediately effected these lines throughout their wardrobe. Pity the short, plump woman in the day of bouffant hip lines and was beside the tall, thin woman in the reign of slim skirts and straight lines!

TODAY, however, no one type prevails and so many varied silhouettes are there that the costume one wears ought to seem essentially one's own. The silhouette varies from straight chemise back to the one with fuller lines. For the stout woman there is the gown of straight lines and slim sleeves relying for trimming on head embroidery a novel metal girdle or the beauty of the material alone. For the tall thin figure there are the graceful flowing sleeves, flowing draperies and fuller lines.

This indicates a radical change in the women of today. In our grandmother's day, when one style prevailed, Dame Fashion ordained the hoop skirt and along Washington's frequented thoroughfares these full skirted ladies with one accord followed the trend of the mode. The women of today who have known the joy of wearing individually expressive clothes will never again submit to the shackles of one ordained style, no matter what great modiste may be its sponsor.

A PREDOMINANT feature of the present mode is the leading part that drapery plays on the stage of fashions. It is the attractive feature of many of the beautiful gowns seen in Washington shops for the matron and the jeune mariée.

In most cases the material is literally swathed about the figure and caught at one side with an ornament and never a hint of a seam. It sounds very simple, but only one with an innate sense of graceful lines can create models of this sort, as the material must be draped in such a way that the figure does not look awkward.

At J. M. Gidding and Company an attractive dinner gown of burnt-orange satin back moire bespeaks this mode. The dress itself is very simple but the surplus skirt supplies the chic. This is swathed about the figure forming graceful draperies on the hips and ties on one side in back in a bow, its wide lengths hanging down and forming a graceful side drapery.

THIS year fashion has much up her sleeve and its mostly about slouches! And before you scowl, madame, and raise your lorgnette to view a fainty miss whose sleeve is slashed from shoulder to wrist, remember that the slashed sleeve is as old as the ages, worn by your great-great-grandmother and she was considered a modest woman in her time! Two, sometimes more, strips of material drop from the shoulder and are caught in at the wrist. This, too, they call a sleeve in fashion circles. In the early ages it was a most significant part of midadi's costume, as the length of a sleeve distinguished a duchess from a countess. Our ladies of today, then, would undoubtedly be queens for their sleeves are by no means home-keeping little things but extend to unthought-of dimensions.

Beauty is sometimes ankle deep and should be cultivated; therefore the great arbiter of fashion lays much stress on novelties for midadi's feet. And these, too, are inspired by those romantic days of long ago, when quaint costumes in the stately minstrel revealed dainty feet resplendent with sparkling buckles and jeweled chains. The feet of Washington's latest today moving in the spirited "pas de jazz" reveal just such ornaments, nevertheless considered very up-to-date.

Such a novelty is the strap or-

nament for slippers that R. Berberich Sons is displaying. It is a large jewel set with rhinestones that slips on the strap and fits over the button, completely hiding it and giving the appearance of a large jeweled button. One large yellow brilliant set with rhinestones might be worn very effectively on a black satin slipper for formal wear, while a pearl one set with brilliants would look particularly well on a silver even-pump could be made very chic by the addition of one of these whims of fashion.

AS the Easter season approaches feminine feet wander shopward and uppermost in every feminine mind is the spring wardrobe. And when winter furs are packed away with the mothballs the natural sequence is the choice of a new spring wrap. The cry for capes this year sounds through every hour of the day—the sport cape, the dressy cape and the evening cape and the capes for afternoon wear seen in the shops are particularly lovely both for matron and maid. Gathered about the neck they hang in straight lines and either boast a fur collar or one ending in a scarf that may be jauntily thrown over one's shoulder. The fur, by the way, is not used to excess but an upstanding caracul or baby lamb collar is noticeable on many of the most alluring capes seen in the shops.

The popular materials used are velvet and Canton crepe and the colors in demand are black, navy and tans. Usually the lining of the cape effects a contrast.

At the Louvre one lovely cape of tan velvet was gathered into an upstanding collar of tan caracul. A deep border of ribbons fringe hung about the bottom of the cape and it was extremely smart. Fringe has by no means ended its career, in fact, it appears here and there in the mode on many an attractive costume.

IN millinery as in gowns there is an unlimited variety of hats. "A bird on the hat is worth two in the nest" and this season they return to favor as trimming for hats, not the stuffed birds used on the chapeaux of a decade ago, but little songsters fashioned by the hand of the milliners from "feathers and fluff." The most effective, I think, are the proverbial little ice-birds, side-by-side on the crown and brim of a pert mushroom shape.

The black and white vogue took New York by storm, relinquished its popularity and came to Washington to reign for spring. It is always popular but will be more so when spring costumes and chapeaux make their appearance on Washington thoroughfares. On one striking hat at O'Connell's Millinery establishment black shiny hair cloth covers the crown and immense drooping brim. White crepe underlaces it and the trimming is quite unique. Huge white flowers are made of wool with centers of white enamel sticks tipped with jet beads and these are placed on the front of the hat over leaves embroidered in the white wool. The extremely large garden shape will be very popular this spring.

On the color spectrum of spring the "Brown family" and all its relations are the prime favorites. From browns and tans, to canna, russet and then to the lovely mimosa shades runs the brush of Fashion.

Apricot and shades of orange are popular, too, and flannel is coming into vogue in bright shades for spring. At M. Pasternak's Connecticut avenue shop one bright little flannel costume features a loose surplus coat of apricot flannel striped with blue. It is worn over a one-piece dress in the plain color with a hem of the striped material.

When the spring weather summons people out-of-doors, bright costumes will mingle at the shore, the links and the club.

BLACK haircloth supplies its own trimming on this striking chapeau from Erlebach's. Draped effectively about the turban, it ends on each side in a brush effect. A jeweled ornament pierces the front of the hat.

Burnt-orange Canton crepe fashions these lovely gowns from the Louvre. Bands of self color bugle beads are the only trimming and the wing sleeves form graceful draperies on the sides.

From Rizik Bros. comes this swagger costume. The full cape and skirt are a lovely blue Mel-rosa. The little blouse is tan kasha cloth boasting a youthful collar and a smart steel girdle.

The feet of fashion are in sandals. These from Snyder & Little are white buckskin featuring the rubber sole and heel and are ideal for sports wear.



Golf Field Reveals Checkered Career

YOU may talk about criticism and abuse but I can truthfully say that I have probably had more knocks for my age than most people. I am just thirty-one. I am not tall, but heavy, considering my size. I can neither read nor write, but I have made a great deal and have usually gone straight. I frequently get into a hole, however, but somebody gets me out and I start off again undiscouraged.

Sometimes I accompany the most prominent men in the country, who find me a most agreeable and wholesome companion, whom they rarely entirely forget. An old friend cut me once and it pained me more than anything else. For while I am not of a sensitive nature, these cuts hurt my pride, sap my life and discourage me. They often seem more than I can bear.

I may have hurt a few people now and then, but it was not entirely my fault. They were careless in attempting to cross my path at a critical moment. Some people knock me a great deal, but I thoroughly realize that they would rather not do it so much, for as a matter of fact the less frequently they hit me the better it is for them—for I am a golf ball.

GEORGE BOND COCHRAN,

GOSSIP OF THE BOULEVARD

PARIS, April 1.

A NUMBER of the best hotels in Paris, I hear, are determined to discover exactly who's who among the clients who use their dining-rooms.

One beautifully dressed and demure looking woman especially marked for inquiry. She is always accompanied by a child of about seven.

The other evening when she left the public dining room in company with an "old friend" she had just found the child was heard to remark to the woman:

"And do you want to be my mother tomorrow as well?"

PARISIAN thieves can be sometimes quite charming. Here is an instance: M. Lucien Gaudin, the famous French swordsman who recently beat Nadi, the Italian swordsman, had his pocket wallet stolen the other evening.

Besides a considerable sum of money the wallet contained a number of letters which Gaudin would not have lost for the world.

The next day the wallet was returned—minus the money, of course, but with the letters intact. Enclosed also was a little note, which ran: "I'm a thief, but a sport for all that."

THE vitriol terror is abating somewhat, but the mystery as to who is responsible for ruining the beautiful furs and coats of close upon 500 women seems to the public to be as far off solution as ever.

Information which reaches me, however, leads me to believe that the destruction is the work of one person, in all probability a mentally deranged woman, and that she has high connections in Paris society.

That is why we shall probably never hear of an arrest. She will simply be caught and sent quietly away to a private asylum.

FEATHERS REPLACE FLOWERS ON SPRING HEADGEAR IN PARIS

Plumes Are Clever Fakes, Milliners Tell Bird Lovers Who Were Angry at New Fashion. Made by Thousands in the Ateliers of Parisian Millinery World, They Will Change Women's Hats From Gardens to Miniature Aviaries.

PARIS, April 1.

GEORGES CARPENTIER seems to be becoming quite a Society man, and has figured at more than one reception given by the elite of Parisian social circles just recently.

I saw the immaculate Georges the other afternoon at a function given by General Lyautey, the Resident-General in French Morocco, and found it difficult to associate the elegant figure with one's preconceived notions of the champions of the boxing ring.

Virginia Kindon's Band Box

Yesterday I enjoyed a pleasant half hour in a delightful little art shop and the thought suddenly occurred to me that here was the answer as to what to send to an old school friend for an Easter gift. Flowers and candy she is always deluged with and somehow I wish to send her a gift that would be permanent. May I tell you what I found that would make unusual and appropriate Easter remembrances? One was a Florentine Plaque in the faintest of colors, its subject being "Praying Angels" by Luini. Angels and Easter are always synonymous, are they not? And \$5.00 is what candy or flowers demand, and in a few hours they would be only a memory. The other appropriate gift was an exquisite miniature of the "Bus Boy" by Gainsborough, scarcely six inches high, narrow gold frame and all. Think what a welcome addition it would make for a friend's room, exemplifying as it always does the spirit of youth and the great Gainsborough in one of his best moods.

Clouded crystal perfumery bottles with delicately carved stoppers, charming enough for a guest room dressing table, have made their appearance in the shops.

In our eagerness to force the cherry blossoms many of us are guilty of breaking off a few branches in order that their snowy blossoms may bring sunshine into our homes. Pussywills and the flaunting yellow forsythia plays a similar role these first spring days, and to show them off to the best advantage they should be placed in a Japanese jar, for to think of cherry blossoms is to think of Japan. Visitors from other cities are delighted with the fascinating oriental shops that Washington abounds in. It was at one of these sandalwood, fragrant shops that I found just the jar to hold these forced flowers. Made of the familiar and distinctive blue ware and reminiscent of Nippon in its cherry blossom design, it stood some twenty inches high. Prices at most oriental shops fluctuate with demands and seasons, but this jar may be purchased for about \$15.00.

White for both day time and evening wear is approved by many of the best designers.

I sometimes feel that the rainbow laughs at the ridiculous habit its constituent colors have of claiming superiority one over the other. One almost feels that red must linger after the sun has gone down to induce the fashionable designers to give preference to that color and now we are sure that yellow has caught its rainbow fellows napping and in the first light of dawn put in its claim for ascendancy. "It is essentially a yellow season, and it is surprising how becoming this shade is to both blondes and brunettes." Some call it dandelion, others prefer citron, but to be smart is to wear yellow.

For formal afternoon or evening wear for mother or older sister is a striking gown of lemon chiffon, displayed in one of the Washington shops. It is heavily beaded with crystal and soft blue beads, crystal predominating. Even the very short sleeves are beaded and the long blouse and straight skirt are heavy with their exquisite beading. A narrow slash of the chiffon ties in a simple bow with long ends. And the price? Why of course it may be purchased for the exchange of greenbacks, but as green is at present in a fit of jealousy over yellow's popularity it would be best form to make public such affairs.

Ribbon cravats are notably popular.

Her cunning and her fierceness when cornered had earned for her the name of "The Panther." She was the leader of a gang of rascals who in the most daring manner possible would sweep down on a shop, pluck their share and make off with all the money and valuables available.

Carpentier's fancy waistcoat was a marvel of taste, while the cut of his morning coat suggested an English rather than a French tailor, and he hobnobbed with colonels, literary lights, and artists as though he had lived in reception-rooms from his youth up.

MORE superstition in high places! The other week we heard of a French cabinet minister who made his old hat his mascot. Now it is M. Darlac, the president of the French Budget Commission, who is afraid of the figure 7.

M. Darlac, for instance, will not on any account enter a taxi the number of which contains a figure 7. Neither will he make an appointment on the 7th, 17th, or 27th of the month. In fact, this expert in figures seems to spend his life in dodging 7's.

The only 7 which he seems to find no means of dodging is the 7 which figures in the budget deficit.

MISTINGUETT, I hear, is contributing to the kiss puzzle, and with Gaby Morlay, Jane Renquardt, Parisys, and a number of other stage stars, has made the imprint of a kiss on a parchment which is to set Parisians guessing as to which star each imprint belongs.

Hosts of people are trying to solve the kiss puzzle, though as far as I can see, all the kisses look alike on paper.

More interesting, perhaps, is the ultimate fate of the kisses. Already, I hear, little fortunes have been offered for these kiss-prints of Mistinguett and her sister stars.

THE king of the dandies in the gay city has gone—Alexandre Duval.

It was his hat, of course, the topper with the little bit off the top, that was his most famous sartorial feature.

But he habitually made other sensations, as, for instance, when he elected to walk his beloved boulevards one fine morning in a frock coat in velvet—an art shade in green!

HARDLY a musical show was staged but did not poke its nose at Alexandre Duval, and more than once he appeared upon the stage in person and did credit to his part. For all that, he never forgot that he was a restaurant keeper and that he started his selling bowls of soup.

And there is this to be said—ever he met in the street a well-to-do belonging to one of his many restaurants, Alexandre Duval would doff his hat as though she had been a countess.

He was writing his life story, but his death has put final to the spiciest memoirs that ever delighted the post-prandial gossips of the city.

FEATHERS are to take the place of flowers in millinery for the coming spring season; and women's hats, instead of being flower gardens, will suggest miniature aviaries.

Bird lovers were up in arms when the new fashion was first announced, and the milliners were obliged to give away their "birds."

The larks, robins, swallows, and the host of other birds which will perch on women's headgear will, they say, not be real at all, but clever fakes which are being made by the thousands at the present time in the ateliers of the Parisian millinery world.